easional thatched roof of a native cottage near the shore and on the line of the hilltops several more in what appeared to be eccount groves. Just beyond that hill line lay Agaña, where

lived the Governor we had come to take. Down past Devil's Point, close up to the shore, we went, the Charleston shead and in-side, the others in column following. We could see that the cruiser was cleared for action and the men were at quarters. The boats had been gathered together on the superstructure and covered with wet canvas, inshed The wardroom furniture and all that would burn or splinter that it was possible to ove had been stowed below the water line, the guns were shotted and ammunition was served all around from the magazines. She was ready to make the fight of her life. Her erew had been picked up in San Francisco, and many were green men, but the month's work on the way down had got them into good shape and their spirit was fine. In the forward fighting top Mr. Hallett, the Australia's third mate. had taken his station as pilot. He was where he could look down into the water and fell from its color the location of the reefs. The water of the Pacific is the deep blue of indigo, but where the reefs rise it shades off into a lighter blue, and in shallow water takes on a green tinge.

So we came down until we saw and heard the great swells break and smash over the Luminan reefs at the head of Apepus Island. Reefs and island stand the northern guards of the beautiful harbor of San Luis d'Apra. Between them and the Orote peninsula the water is very deep and the anchorage fine over the greater part of the bay. But inshore the coral has been growing very fast and reefs abound, making navigation difficult and mighty dangerous. The channels are narrow and tortuous, and the coral rocks are sharp enough to punch holes in

the bottom of a stout boat. Just off the western end of Apepas Island the transports halted, the rain squalls continued, and it was impossible to make out whether anything was in the harbor or not. In fact, from the Australia we could not make out the harbor, and thought it was beyond Orote pen-Insula. The Charleston went on, and when she reached Point Orote we cursed our luck, for we thought we were not going to see the fight or the hombardment of the forts. A minute later we were cheering her with might and main, for she had turned to the eastward again and was following the narrow but deep channel

along the north side of the peninsula A giant boulder stands at the head of the peninsula, detached from the main cliff by a little stretch of water about 200 feet wide. As the eruiser passed this open space we made out that she was on one side of the rocks. Then she disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as if she had steamed into a cavern. We looked for her with anxious eyes, and every glass on the convoy was searching for her. Along the cliff there were occasional white spots, where the foliage, which in many places covered the rocks, left a bare space. Finally some one on the Australia saw that one of these white spots was moving, and sung out. We looked the closer, and made out that the moving white spot was the Charleston. It was the canvas over the boats on the superstructure. Against the blue gray and the greens of the cliffs, through air thickened by the continual mist or rain, the lead-colored cruiser was absolutely invisible. With her boats overboard instead of on the superstructure we could not have made her out.

A SHIP OF SOME SORT SIGHTED.

The ships of the convoy moved up closer, un der the common desire to see the fun. As the Australia came clear of the west end of Apepas Island, Mr. Lawless the old first mate, who was using the big long glass, jumped away from the bridge rail and began literally to hop up and down. He waved the glass about and shouted: "There she comes; there she comes; by

gorry, she's a cruiser. There's a cruiser, and she's coming out with a bone in her mouth. Now we'll see a scrap. Get ready for the shooting. It'll begin in a minute."

Sure enough, there was a tall, white ship of some sort just beyond Apenas. At first sight she looked as if she were coming out, but as the Australia got further in and the ship came out clearer behind the island, we made out that she was at anchor. The Charleston steamed slowly along, and her forward motion was the only sign of life aboard her. Presently we made out the ship as a brigantine, with faller spars than any warship carries. But her nationality was still unknown. Then there fluttered at the main truck a small white fing. By this time Mr. Lawless had got over his first enthusiasm, and the excitement his announcement had created on the bridge had quieted down. The Oregon soldiers were crowded along the rails, straining their eyes trying to make out what was happen shore. Some of them had climbed into the main and mizzen rigging, and the fore rigging was full of officers. Some had climbed up to the fore yard and were seated along it, their white duck suits blackened and smutched in streaks and spots by the soot and grime on the rigging. Some of them were in the foretopmast shrouds and even as high as the foreto gailant yard. "D'ye make out any red in that fing?"

shouted Mr. Lawless from the bridge. There was only a slight breeze, but i whistled through the rigging with such a noise that the mate's hall was not heard. Presently followed his question up the rigging and took a look for himself. It was with a sorrow ful face that he turned away. He had seen a red ball in the middle of the white flag

She's a Japanee," he answered, and hope of a fight in that direction fled.

But there were still some forts to be considered; possibly they might resist. The Charleson had made out the brigantine some time before the Australia did and had had her own little bit of excitement. She was so close in by Apepas Island on her way over from Agaha Bay that she saw the spars of the brigantine over the island. Apepas is a long, narrow, low strip of rock covered with a heavy growth of short ralms and thick underbrush. When the spars were first made out it was decided quickly that they belonged to a merchantman, but when the cruiser got beyond the end of the island and the tall, white sides of the brigantine showed over the breakers on Luminan reefs Capt. Glass turned on the bridge and shouted to Lieutenant-Commander Blocklinger, the executive offi-

'By George! just my luck. She's a cruiser.' The grins on the faces of the silent men at the guns showed how the Captain's "builies" hoped it was his luck, but they were doomed to disappointment. The watchful traders on the brigantine were not long in making out the Stars and Stripes flying from every point of vantage on the Charleston, and they recognized her for a United States warship. They knew about the strained relations between the United States and Spain when they started out on their voyage, and they lost no time in hoisting the colors of a Japanese merchantman. a white pennant with a red ball in the centre. There was keen disappointment or the Charleston when the peaceful flag floated out at the main truck of the brigantine. At first they thought it was a white flag and that the vessel was Spanish, but had surrendered without trying a fight. Then they made out what the flag really was, and saw that no guns were carried, and knew that they had no prize to take, with or without a fight. But there sere still the forts, and, as on the Australia, they turned hopefully to them. The target practice they had had on the way down from Honolulu had made the men confident of their ability to smash any Spanish fortifleations to pieces. They had been drilled a the guns until they could work them blindfolded, and half the men in every gun crew were fit to be gun captains. So she crossed from the end of Luminan reefs, almost to Orote Point, and turned east into the harbor. From there the whole harbor lay open before em, and her officers could see that but for the Japanese brigantice it was empty. Hope

All this time the Charleston had been procoeding very slowly and with the utmost caution. Solid shot were in the forward 6-inch gues and a shell in the big 8-inch rifle on

yards ready to pull, and at the secondary battery the gunners had their shoulders on the resta. A short distance in from Point Orote an old fort crowns the hill. The cliffs along the north side of Orote peniusula rise sheer from the water almost 200 feet. There is a fringe of green at the bottom and a heavy growth along the crest. Three hundred yards from the point a little sand beach stretches along for a couple of hundred yards, and back of that there is a little cocoanut grove. Just to the east of this grove the basaltic rocks tower straight out of the sen. There the cliff juts out a little beyond the general line, and at this point the Spanfards built their fort. With proper guns and gunners, a modern fort there could stand off the navies of all the world. The chart showed the presence of this old fort, St. Iago, but there was no information as to its condition. The channel is less than 300 yards wide. Squarely in the middle of the channel, at less than balf speed, the Charleston steamed ahead. Not a sound came from her except the "hush-hush" of escaping steam from her exhaust and the soft lapping of the little waves about her bows and along her side. Fairly under old Fort St. Iago she went, so close that the Spaniards could have hurled hand bombs and dynamite on her decks, but there were no spaniards and no bombs, and she rounded the little point beyond the old fort and was out of range, with never a sign of resistance

THE CHARLESTON'S HOSTILE SHOTS The Peking, Australia, and Sydney were lying outside the reefs watching with all eves the movements of the cruiser. The day had cleared a bit, and the watchers, grown accustomed to the appearance of the lead-colors warship against the dull background of cliffs, follow her more clearly than first. As she rounded the point beyond Fort St. Ingo she razed Fort Santa Cruz, built on a low coral reef, out in the middle of the harbor. Capt. Glass called to Lieut.-Commander

Blocklinger to try out the fort with his small quick fires and see if he got a response. Mr. Blocklinger spoke to the officer in whose division the three-pounder rifles are and the little guns furthest forward on the starboard side responded. The watchers on the transports caught the flash and saw the smoke, and a cheer such as the island of Guam had never heard rose from the three ships. The little shell flow straight for the fort, but fell a little short. The forward gun on the port side followed, and the gunners profited by the trial of the starboard gun. Fair over the middle of the old fort the shell burst. The flash of it was caught by the spectators on the troopships and a wild yell went up from them all. They thought it was a response from the fort. The Charleston was too far away for the reports of the guns to reach the transports, but for a few minutes the flashes and the puffs of smoke as the 3-pounders were fired filled the souls of the soldiers with glee and the cheering was tremendous. Then the firing stopped, the cheering died out and the action at Guam was all over. From first gun to last it was just four minutes and a half. It began at 3,000 yards and ended at 2,400. Seven shells were fired from the starboard 3-pounders and six from the port battery. It was 8:30 o'clock on the morning of Monday, June 20.

Then there was a long wait that tried the patience of the eager spectators on the transports. The Charleston crawled along up the little peninsula for a few hundred yards and apparently stopped.

Outside the reefs we drifted idly about and strained our eyes to the headache point trying to make out what it was all about. The rain squalls that occasionally hid the cruiser and the shore from our view drenched us as we sat in the rigging and fleeked the glasses with drops of water so that it was a continual case of clean glasses. At last we made out one of the Charleston's boats that had been cleared away and was lying under her counter. At that time the cruiser was lying directly off the little point that jots out to the Larthward, about half way down Orote Peninsula. What the boat was doing nobody could feil. Presently two small boats appeared from behind Apepar Island, beyond the Japanese brigantine, pulling toward the cruiser. It was a long, hard pull, but they kept at it steadily and erawled on their course. As they came clear of the "Japanee" we made out the Spanish flag flying bravely from the stern of the boat in the lead. More boats appeared about the Charleston from nowhere that we could make out and the mystery deepened. One boat from the cruiser started back along the peninsula toward where the Peking lay outside the reef, and we thought surely a message had been sent to her. Then two other boats put out, one toward the middle of Luminan reefs and one in toward the place beyond the Japanese trader indicated on the chart as the landing place.

THE SPANIARDS VISIT THE CHARLESTON.

While the Charleston's boats were out the two boats from shore got to the cruiser. In them were Lieut. Garcia Guiterrez of the Spanish Navy, Captain of the Port of San Luis d'Apra, and Surgeon Romero of the Spanish Army, the health officer. They came up to the gangway which had been rigged out on the starboard side of the Charleston and hailed the officer of the deck. They had with them Franeis Portusae, a native of Guam who had been educated in the United States and who was naturalized in Chicago in 1888. He is a merchant in Agana and happened to be at the landing at Piti when the Charleston came long. He came with the officials to call on his ecuntrymen" on the Charleston and to act as interpreter for the Spaniards. Through him the officials asked after the health of the warship. The officer of the deck had sent for Capt. Glass, who now came to the gangway and asked the Spaniards and Mr. Portusae to comon board the Charleston. They replied that they had merely come out to see about the Charleston's health and the nature of her business in San Luis d'Apra. Capt. Glass repeated his invitation, and in such fashion that they felt they had better accept it. So they went up the cruiser's gangway and followed Capt, Glass down into his cabin. When they were seated there Lieut. Gutierrez, the port Captain, set the ball rolling with this soft observation:

THEY TROUGHT WE WERE SALUTING.

You will pardon our not immediately replying to your salute, Captain, but we are unac ustomed to receiving salutes here and are not supplied with proper guns for returning them. However, we shall be glad to do our best to return your salute as soon as possible.

The port Captain spoke in Spanish. Capt. Glass is sufficiently familiar with the language to need no interpretation of the port Captain's speech. His reply was short and surprising to the Spanish officials. What salute?" he asked.

The Spaniards looked at each other with raised brows. It was odd that Capt. Glass should ask such a question 'The salute you fired," they responded to-

gether. "We should like to return it, and shall do so as soon as we can get a battery. The puzzled look on the face of the American Captain faded into a suppressed smile as the

meaning of the Spanish declaration dawned on "Make no mistake, gentlemen," he said; "! fired no salute. We came here on a hostile errand. Our country is at war with When I came in here I saw a fort and I fired a few small shells at it to unmask it and see if there was any response. When there was none I concluded it was unoccupied and ceased

firing.' MADN'T HEARD OF THE WAR.

The Spaniards were astounded. This was their first intimation of the fact that war had been declared between the United States and Spain. They had not even known that the relations between the two countries were strained so as to approach the danger point. For a few moments the blunt announcement that war existed and that this was a demonstration against them personally almost overeame them. They sat as if stupefied. When at length they recovered their composure they asked more information. The last mail they had had was on April 14, bringing news from Manila of date of April 9. It had said nothing to warn them that war was imminent or even possible. The mail steamer visited the fo'c'e'le. The gun captains stood with lan- them once in two mionths, and the June bots, his evening, and the last of the ice helped it along. Braunersreuther, in the stern sheets, his which we will a dealer than summer !

was nearly two weeks overdue. There was no explanation for them of what the matter was. They simply waited with what potience they could command for the boat and the news.

Capt. Glass quickly explained the cause of

the delay of their mail boat. He told them of the battle in Manila Bay and the annihilation of the Spanish fleet by Dewey's squadron. It seemed as if it was impossible for the Spanlards to comprehend the magnitude of the disaster to their cause. They were very unhappy, but Portusae, the American citizen, had diffieulty in keeping his politeness above his satis faction and his amusement.

Capt, Glass took the Spanish officials a little bit out of their depression by questioning them about their island. It was very fertile, they said, and its appearance bears them out. Coffee, rice, corn and sugarcane are grown with little effort, and cocoanuts, limes, lemons, ba-nanas, pineapples and bread fruit grow in abundance. By the time they had got through with the population, which they jut at between 8,000 and 10,000 for Guam and 20,000 for the Mariana group, nearly all Chamorros-natives-Capt. Glass gave them another jolt, this time one of severa personal effect.

TOLD THAT THEY WERE PRISONERS. You understand, of course, gentlemen," he said, "that you are my prisoners?"

The unhappy Spaniards apparently had not thought of it in that light, and they were more than ever disconcerted. Capt. Glass went on: "You have a Governor here?"

Yes, at Agaña. Agaña is the capital." 'How far is that from here?"

'Four miles." 'Who is the Governor?" Don José Marina."

"I will parole you, gentlemen, for this after noon, and I want you to send word to your Governor that I want to see him on board the

Charleston as early this afternoon as possible. There was conflicting emotion in the bearing of the Spanish officials. Hope that they were o get off after all struggled with fear that they would not. This demand for the Governor might yet mean their liberation, and they as sured Capt. Glass that they would see to it that his message was delivered. Then there was more talk about the island and its resources and its government, and finally the Spaniards went away and Mr. Portusae went with them.

By this time the Charleston's boats had come back to the cruiser and the opiect of their myserious movements was apparent. They had been buoying the dangerous places in the reefs. The rain squalls had ceased and there was a faint glow of sunshine which brought out sharply he cliffs of Orote peninsula and the rugged hills beyond the harbor. From the sea side of the reef it is impossible to see that Apepas is an island, and so it appears that the harbor is a deep bottle-shaped cut into the hills with a triangular patch stuck on at the south side, exending down toward Apra. The ultramarine blue of the water proclaims its great depth and Luminan reefs run so close to Point Orote as to form a very narrow gateway into the beautiful harbor. Beyond old Santa Cruz the hills rise with steep slopes almost to mountainous height, and straggling, wind-tossed palms range along their ragged crest. Here and there their slopes show cultivated fields, and almost in the peaks of some of the narrow little swordcut valleys stand groves of palms or lime trees or bananas.

The Spanish officials were hardly on shore again when one of the Charleston's boats put out for the Peking with orders for that ship-which was chartered by the Navy Department—to go inside and anchor close to the cruiser. There was coal in plenty on the Peking, and the Charleston needed some of it. By the same boat Capt. Glass sent a letter to Gen. Anderson informing him of the results of the morning's work and suggesting that the Australia and Sydney-which are under army charter, and so not in Capt. Glass's command in such matterswould be more comfortable inside the reefs. The Australia promptly signalled the Sydney to come in and followed the Peking. As we steamed along under Fort St. Iago and got a close view of it we understood something of what they felt on the Charleston as the cruiser passed in such easy range of the old fortification. Atack would have been so simple and easy from that bluff, and defence was so impossible. There was not a gun on the cruiser that could have been brought to bear on the old fort; not one sould be elevated sufficiently to throw a shell to the top of the steep basaltic cliffs. When the Australia drew near where the Peking had anchored the lead was set going, but there was no bottom at twenty fathoms. Finally Capt, Hondletta was as far up as he dared to go, and the starboard bower was let go. Down she went and out roared the cable

"Forty-five fathoms under water, sir," shouted the first mate, "and the anchor doesn't hold

Out went the cable again, and finally when the sixth shackle showed that ninety fathoms were gone the anchor held. How is that for a deep-water harbor? The Sydney had not made out our signals and remained outside. By the time the Australia was safely at anchor the Charleston's jackies were at the Peking's sides at work on the coal. It was packed in sacks in the Peking's bunkers, hoisted out, and stowed in the biggest barge the cruiser had, and then towed by a twelve-oared barge over to the warship and hoisted in. It was stiff work and distressingly slow. Until it was known definitely whether the Governor would surrender or not there would be no permission to go ashore, and so we stood about on the transports and watched the afternoon sun slide down behind Orote peninsula over a bewildering path of rose and scarlet and crimson and lilae and apple-green and blue-black clouds and hide the green hills and cocoanut palms in darkness. It was a case of content yourself and wait for the morrow. Capt. Glass had told the two Spanish officials to send him a pilot for the harbor channels, so that his small poats could make the landing without difficulty or danger.

THE SPANISH GOVERNOR'S NERVE.

With the close of the day this pilot came off rom the shore in a boat manned by some of the same Spanish naval infantry who had rowed out the Port Captain and the surgeon in the morning. The pilot brought a formal communication from Gov. Marina to Capt. Glass, which gave the cruiser's commander a curious

"The military regulations of Spain," wrote the Governor, "forbid me to set foot upon a foreign ship of war. It is therefore impossible that I should call upon you on your ship. However, I shall be happy to see you at my office n the morning, and hope that we shall be able to reach a satisfactory understanding."

There was a mixture of nerve, plausibility and mañana in that which made Capt. Glass nesitate between laughter and wrath. He detained the pilot and by the soldier boatmen note to the Governor, saying that he would either see the Sefior Don Lieutenant Colonel himself in the morning or would send one of his officers to represent him. Then he had his dinner, called away his gig and came over to consult with Gen. Anderson about the strength of the party to be landed the next morning. It apparently had become question of seeking the Governor in his own haunta and abstracting him therefrom by force. While a party of us from the Australia, who had dined on the cruiser that evening, were sitting in the "bull ring," as they call the space about the after 8-inch rifle, and vocifer, ously chanting the determination of us all to make the "Spaniards cuss and damn when we introduced them to their Uncle Sam," Capt, Glass and Gen. Anderson were deciding or the next day's operations. Finally it was determined to send forty marines from the Charleston, and ten from those on the Peking who are going out to join ships in Admira Dewer's fleet, and Companies A, Capt. Heath, and D, Capt. Prescott, of the Second Oregon, each 85 strong, under the command of Lieut. Myers, the marine officer on the Charleston, The soldiers were to have forty rounds of ammunition and one day's rations, and to be ready to move at 8:30 A. M. Lieut. William Braunersreuther, navigator of the Charleston, was to be

Capt. Glass. There was himrity on the Charleston in the

in command of the whole force, representing

the forts reported them to be old ruins, overgrown with grass and shrubbery, and apparently n disuse for years. Old San Luis was a bastion fortress of rock, which had been formidable in its day, but that was long ago. Now a big palm tree grows fairly in front of one of the gunports. Behind Santa Cruz the fishermen set their traps. One had been there in the morning when the firing began. They had from the Charleston a man rowing away from behind the fort with energy and determination such as win at Henley, and had thought he was the sole occupant of the fort. But he wasn't: he was a fisherman who had been tending his

Everybody in the expedition was about early this morning. The night was cool, and everybody had a good sleep. The climate of Guam has taken the whole brigade by surprise. The sun is very hot when it does appear, but most of the time it is hiden beaind clouds, and there is a constant fresh land breeze which keeps the temperature down to the point where the soldiers are comfortable in their heavy woollen shirts. It was blowing very fresh this morning, and there was a sea on even in the sheltered harbor that made it practically an impossibility for the landing party to row ashore in the big boats. By 8:15 ammunition and rations had been issued to the Oregon boys, canteens had been filled with tea, rifles looked over for the last time, and Companies A and D were ready for whatever the day might bring. They were permitted to leave their blouses behind and go in their blue shirts, carrying haversacks and canteens. The Charleston's barges and whaleboats came down to the Australia, and the Peking's boats followed. Then about 9 o'clock came Lieut, Myers with his forty bullies and their Lee rifles, a fine-looking lot of nen, well set up and soldierly in appearance. The ten marines from the Peking came down and, as far as the men were concerned, the party was ready to land.

As the marines left the Charleston the cruiser's steam launch started for shore towing a whaleboat, in which were Lieut, Braunersreuther and Ensign Waldo Evans, with a crew of four Jackies, all armed, and a fifth man. also armed, who speaks Spanish and was to act as interpreter if necessary. Lieut, Braunersreuther went to represent Capt. Glass at the meeting with the Governor. He carried a written communication to the Governor. and his orders were to deliver it to Lieut Col. Marina in person and give him half an hour in which to make reply. If there was no answer in that time, Lieut. Braunersreuther was to return to his ship for further orders. These further orders had been drawn up and signed by Capt. Glass and Lieut. Braunersreuther had seen them. They directed him to take command of the landing party and to proceed with all expedition to Agaña, there to capture the Governor and all officials, to take the soldiers prisoners, and to destroy all fortifications; to capture all Spanish flags and all ammunition and war supplies, rifles, and accoutrements; to protect life and property as much as possible; to prevent any looting or marauding, and to get back to the ship at the earliest possible moment. So he went to meet the Governor fully informed as to what Capt. Glass expected to accomplish.

The steam launch towed the whaleboat in to

where the reef rose too far up in the water to

let it go further, and then with a white flag of

truce fluttering in its bow, the whaleboat was rowed on to the landing place, and the launch returned to the cruiser. Directly opposite the eastern end of Apepas Island—south, across the little shallow channel-a boathouse stands on the beach of the main island. It projects out from the edge of the beach over the water, and float or landing stage rides in frort of it, fastened to the piles at the outward end of the bonthouse. Steps lead from the float up to the floor of the boat-house. Behind the boathouse and about a hundred yards inshore there is a big whitewashed tile-roofed stone house, built for the Captain of the port. There he has his office, and there his men live and make their headquarters. He himself has his home in Agaña. Fifty yards to the north of this same house is a smaller one, similarly built, and whitewashed, which the Governor uses as an office when he is at the landing. Beyond this little there are twenty-five or thirty native houses two or three of stone, a few of wood, and the rest of bamboo, all with roofs made of bamboo rafters and shingles and thatched with the leaves of cocoanut palms. The wooden houses are built of heavy boards of red mahogany, rough hewn, but sawed on the edges with a whipsaw. The boathouse is built of mahogany uprights and girders, with a bamboo and ocoanut palm roof and a heavy mahogany

floor. When the steam launch reached the cruiser she was sent at once to the Australia brings Lieutenant-Commander Blocklinger, the executive officer of the Charleston, who was to have charge of the organization of the landing force, and see that it got away from the Australia all right. Lieut. George R. Slocum was in command of the launch. A 1-pounder was mounted on its bow and the crew were armed with Lee rifles. Lieut. Myers and his men were put in the first boats and then the men of Company A followed. The launch was to tow the boats as far in as she could go and they were to make the rest of the way as well as they could, rowing as far as possible and then wading. The day had dawned clear and bright, with warm sunshine, but by noon the rain squalls were coming again, driving across the bay at short intervals and keeping the temperature down to a fairly comfortable point. No one minded the rain, but the fresh breeze had kicked up a sea that made considerable delay. Finally, about half-past 10, the aunch started with six boats in tow, the first third of the landing party. She pulled the beats along slowly but steadily, and as they passed between the Peking and the Charleston the soldiers and sailors on the transport and the cruiser gave their comrades in the small boats volley after volley of cheers that ricochetted back and forth between the two ships like echoes between two cliffs near together. The launch kept to her course until she came alongside the Japanese brigantine, and then she stopped. The brigantine was the Minatogawa of Tokio. She had been boarded the night before by Lieut. Slocum and a party from the cruiser, and her papers had been examined. They were satisfactory. Now we made Japan by heaving a line from the first boat aboard the trader. It was made fast, and there the first detachment lay while the launch went

back to the Australia for the second detachmen The remaining men of the landing party were embarked in eight big boats, and the launch nad just put off from the transport with them in tow when a terrific rain squall came along. For fifteen minutes it rained in sheets. The floodgates were open, and it seemed as if all the water that had been evaporated from the Pacific since we left Honolulu had been conagain and was coming down at once, In the boats of the first detachment rations and been broken out and a hearty luncheon of canned corned beef and beans and hardtack had been made. It was finished just in time to let the rain wash up the tin camp dishes. Everybody in both divisions was soaked to the

skin. THE GOVERNOR A PRISONER. Just as the rain slacked up and showed signs f stopping, those in the first detachment made out a man standing up in a small boat off the Minatogawa's port bow waving a white flag. It was a wigwag signal. Lieut. Myers stood up and answered with waves of his white cap. The wigwagging proceeded, and slowly we the disheartening command: turn to your ship." It was Lieut. Braunersreuther going back to the Charleston. He had succeeded. Gov. Marina and his staff ere prisoners in the whaleboat. Braunersreuther came close in to our boots and hailed Mr. Myers, who told him we would wait for the launch to tow us back. There was not a cheer from our boats as the whaleboat went by. Some one called out: "Have you got any Governors aboard?" The answer was a slight wave of the hand by a man in the bow of the whaleboat, the motion indicating a swarthy man who sat with head bowed down next Lieut.

and the little and the allowed the

Next this man sat another very dejected young man in a brown mackintosh, and oppoalte them sat two others, eyes in the bottom of the boat and heads bowed forward, both in heavy rain coats. These four were the only ones in the boat protected against the storm. Ther were the prisoners. The captors were as wet as if they had been overboard. It was

almost noon. The whaleboat went on and, just ahead of the Peking, came up with the launch and the second detachment of the landing party, which had left the Australia just in time to get thoroughly soaked by the rain. There was more wigwagging, the flag of truce being used as the signal flag, and then the long line of boats put about and went back to the ship. Presently the launch came out again to the Japanese trader, picked up the six boats of the first detachment and towed us back to the ship. Then she took the Charleston's marines back to the cruiser. The ten marines from the Peking rowed back to their ship. Ammunition was turned back to the ordnance officers and unused rations to the commissary. Bonts were hauled up on their davits or sent back to their ships, rifles were cleaned up and dry clothing put on, and that was the end of the first landing

The gallaut Duke of York He had ten thousand men; He marched them up a great high hill And marched them down again.

But if there was disappointment in the souls

of the men who had been detailed for the land-

ing party, there was joy in the hearts of Lieut.

Braunersreuther and the men with him, for they had succeeded completely. The written message to Gov. Marina, which Capt. Glass sent ashore yesterday evening, had been delivered, and it had its effect. When the whale boat with the flag of truce reached the landing pier at the boathouse, Gov. Maring was there to meet it. With him were Capt. Duarte of the Spanish Army, his secretary, and Lieut. Gutierrez, Captain of the Port, and Dr. Romero, the army surgeon and health officer. There was a brief, formal greeting, and Lieut Braunersreuther and Ensign Evans were presented to all the party. Mr. Braunersreuther went at his business at once. He had a written communication from Capt. Glass for Gov. Marina, which was a for mal demand for the immediate and unconditional surrender of all the Spanish possessions in the Mariana group. It gave the Governor half an hour in which to answer. As Lieut. Braunersreuther handed the envelope to Gov. Marina, he said, speaking in Spanish, and not

using his interpreter:
"I have the honor to present a communication from my commandant, who has instructed me that you are to have one-balf hour in which to make reply. In presenting this communi-cation I call your attention to these facts. We have, as you see, three large ships inside the harbor, and a fourth outside. One of the three ships in the harbor is a modern warship of very high power and mounting large guns. The others are transports full of soldiers the one outside the harbor. We have a large force of soldiers. I call your attention to the facts in order that you may not make any hasty or ill-considered reply to this communication from my commandant."

Lieut. Braunersreuther paused and Gov. Marina bowed and said "Thank you." Lieut. Braunersreuther pulled out his watch and cor tinued:

"It is now fifteen minutes past 10 o'clock If within thirty minutes I have not received your reply I shall proceed according to my further orders."

Gov. Marina bowed again, repeated thanks, took the envelope and went inside his office with his staff. The five armed jackles from the Charleston were posted on the wharf at the entrance to the boathouse. Lieut. Braunersreuther and Ensign Evans paced slowly up and down the wharf, Lieut Braunersreuther with his watch in his hand. The long hand of the watch clicked around its dial, and for twenty minutes there was no sign of any activity insid the Governor's office. Twenty-five minutes and still there was no reply. From the window of his office, if he chanced to look out, Gov. Marina could see the six boats of the first detachment of the landing party in tow of the launch coming along toward the landing place. If he saw them or not he never said so, but when twentynine of his thirty minutes had elapsed and Lieut, Braunersreuther had almost made up his mind that it was a case of take by force, Gov. Marina came out of his office followed by his staff. In his hand he held a scaled envelope addressed to Capt. Glass. Lieut. Brauners reuther stepped forward to meet him. The two men saluted, and Gov. Marina handed the letter to the naval officer, saying:

"It is for your commandant ! Lieut Braunersreuther ripped of velope with one sweep of his hand and took out "It is for your commandant," repeated Go

Marina in protest. "I represent my commandant here," replied Lieut. Braunersreuther, and then he read the letter. It was written in Spanish, and this is what it said:

THE GOVERNOR'S LETTER OF SURRENDER. SIR: In the absence of any notification from my Government concerning the relations of war between the United States of America and Spain, and without any means of defence, or the possibility of making a defence in the face of such a large opposing force, I feel compelled, in the interests of humanity and to save life, to make a complete surrender of all under my inrisdiction

Trusting to your mercy and your justice. "I have the honor to be your obedient serv ant.

"JOSÉ MARINA Y VEGA.

"Capt. HENRY GLASS, U. S. S. Charleston. The four Spaniards and two Americans stood in absolute silence while Licut. Braunersreuther read the note of surrender. A second time the navigator of the Charleston read the letter, and, when he realized all it meant and looked up, it was with difficulty that he could repress a smile of satisfaction. The four Spanlards stood with bowed heads in utter dejection waiting for what was to come next. It came quickly

'Gentlemen," said Lieut. Braunersreuther to the three staff officers, "your Governor has made a complete surrender of these islands to the United States. I am sorry for your personal discomfort, but you are now my pris ers, and under my orders. I am compelled to take you on board my ship."

THE GOVERNOR PROTESTS.

Governor and staff seemed very much sur prised by this announcement and protested with much earnestness. They were not accus tomed to such swift action and were not prepared for it. The word madana plays a large part in the easy-going Spanish life, but there was no "to-morrow" in this business. Lieut Braunersreuther had been instructed to proceed with all expedition, and he was carrying

"We have had no opportunity to say farewell to our families," protested Gov. Marina. "We have no clothes except what we wear now. It is very hard to take us so unprepared. "I am very sorry," repeated Lieut, Brauner

reuther, "for your personal discomfort, but I cannot help it. I must obey my orders. As fo your clothing, you may write what messages you like to your families or your friends, and whatever clothing or supplies they send you in response will be taken aboard ship for you provided they are here by 4 o'clock this afternoon. I will even promise that it your wives or members of your families come here to bid you goodby they shall be taken on board the ship and shall have ample opportunity to see you. More I cannot do.

"It is very hard and very strange," said the Governor again. of truce, and in half an hour you tell me I am your prisoner and must go aboard your ship. Is | ing which made him laugh. t a just use of a flag of truce?" That warmed up Lieut. Braunersreuther a bit.

"I came ashore," he said, "with a flag of truce to deliver to you a formal demand for your surrender. You replied to that demand by surrendering absolutely and without conditions. That ended the truce. You are a soldier, and

The boats that had been sent out to examine | figure almost hidden in a huge black rain coat. | he is a prisoner. You have surrendered to my | tie rock as the cliffs along Orote penin commandant through me, and until I turn you over to my commandant you are my prisoner.

You must go with me." For a second it suggested itself to Lieut. Braunersrouther that there might be trouble after all. He had only five men, but he knew that the shotted guns of the Charleston were trained on the landing place, and that at the first sign of fight the erviser would open up. Also he knew that the first half of the landing party were almost within striking distance, and that they would get to his assistance in a very short time if he needed them. But there was no need of guns or men. The Governor shrugged his shoulders in reply to the Lieutenant's declaration, and submitted to the in evitable with the best grace he could muster He turned to go back to his office, and Lieut Braunersreuther said:

You have soldiers here?" "Yes," replied the Governor, halted by the

'How many?'

Two companies." There are officers in command of them?"

Where? "In Agana."

"You will write an order to the officer it ommand of your troops to have them all at this place at 4 o'clock this afternoon with all heir arms, ammunition and accoutrements I will give you ten minutes in which to write such an order."

"It is impossible," protested the Governor vehemently. "They are miles away. They

cannot get here at that time."
"It is quite possible," replied Lieut. Braunersreuther, looking at his watch. "It is not yet 12 o'clock. Agaña is but four miles away A messenger can reach there within the hour The soldiers must be here by 4 o'clock and you nust write the order. You have ten minute in which to do it."

Again the Governor shrugged his shoulder and turned away, and again Lieut. Brauners

euther stopped him. You have Spanish flags?"

"Yes." replied the unhappy Governor.

How many?" Four

Include in your order to the commanding officer an order to bring all the Spanish flags

with him." The Governor fetched a big sigh and went into his office to write the order. He was over-whelmed by the calamity which had befallen him so suddenly. He had not dreamed that he would be molested even if the United States should go to war with Spain. He was so far out of the way that he would be absolutely safe. Yet here was a great force sent for his capture and he was forced to surrender without even the poor satisfaction of firing a single shot in resistance. He had no inkling that this assault on him was merely a side issue. There had not seen the slightest thing to indicate to him that the expedition was bound on for Manila. As far as he knew or could know it had been designed simply for him, and he was as he wrote in his note of surrender, without the possibility of defence. So he sat down and wrote the order to the commandant of his troops to march them down from Agana and have them at Peti with all their equipment that afternoon by 4 o'clock. When he had fin-ished he mournfully held the order out for Lieut. Braunersreuther to see. It was satisfac ory, and he sealed it up. A messenger was found, who was soon galloping along the road to Agaña with the order. Then Lieut, Braun ersrouther said:

Now you may write to your wife." "How much time shall I have?" asked the Sovernor, in a quivering voice.

"All you want," replied Lieut. Brauners reuther. The Governor turned to his desk and began o write. In the meantime his staff officers had been busy over their own messages to their families. The Governor wrote steadily

for half an hour, and Lieut. Braunersreuther waited. At last the Governor finished. He had filled three large sheets almost the size of foolscap. He gathered them up with a mourn ul sigh and offered them to his captor. Lieut, Braunersreuther shook his head and waves

them away. "That is a private letter," he said, "and

ave nothing to do with it." The Governor was completely overcome by this simple politeness. He put his head down in his crossed arms on the deak in front of him and cried like a child. When at length he regained control of himself the letter was sealed up and a messenger found to deliver it to the Senora Marina in Agaña. By this time the other officers had succeeded in sending their own messages, and it was time to get into the whaleboat and put out for the Charleston. The Sovernor and his staff were all in uniform, but none were side arms. They went sorrowfulls down the wharf to the boathouse and stepped into the Charleston's boats. The jackies who had een standing at the shore entrance to the bonthouse had returned to their places in the bont, and now they set out to pull back to their ship. Just after they left the landing place the squall broke. But the rain had no discouragement then for the Charleston's men. The pris oners were moody and silent throughout the trip out to the cruiser, but not a man in the boat blamed them. Lieut. Braunersreuther said afterward that he was especially glad that there had been no cheering from the boats of

the landing party when his bont passed by. CAPT. GLASS RECEIVES THE PRISONERS.

On the Charleston the prisoners were taken at once to Capt, Glass's cabin, where there was a general talk. The Governor's letter of surrender was turned over by Lieut, Brauners reuther to Capt. Glass, who read it and then heard a brief verbal report from the Lieutenant of what had occurred. After that Capt, Glass made temporary provision for his prisoners in his own cabin.

While this had been going on Capt. Pillsbury of the Sydney had come in in a small boat for a conference with Gen. Anderson and Capt. Glass He reported that he had been unable to make out the Australia's signals yesterday, and so had remained outside the reefs over night. Now he was ordered to come in and take position near the Charleston, Capt. Glass had no room on the cruiser for his prisoners, and he asked permission from Gen. Anderson to put them on the Sydney. There was plenty of room on the transport, and, as Gen. Anderson was willing, it was decided to make her the prison ship. So Capt. Pills-bury took Mr Hallett, the Australia's mate, with him for a pilot, and came in with the Sydney and anchored between the Peking and the Charleston, and a little astern of them. The four officers were transferred to her from the Charleston at once. There were comfortable staterooms for them, and they were as signed to quarters without delay. Gov. Marina draw a room with Lieut. Gutierrez, the port Captain, and Dr. Romero and Capt. Duarte took another stateroom. Armed guards were staioned outside their doors and will be kept there while we are in the harbor, but considerable freedom is, nevertheless, allowed the prisoners. They will mess in the saloon at a table by themselves, and will have plenty of opportunity to talk together and to get such exercise as can be had on shipboard and to read and smoke as much as they like.

DESCRIPTION OF THE OLD PORT.

When this had been arranged Capt. Glass and entenant-Commander Blocklingler took a big flag and, in the Charleston's barge, went over old Fort Santa Cinz. It was pretty ticklish business getting to the fort because of the coral reefs which run about in all sorts of shapes throughout the upper part of the bay There is a little narrow channel which leads to the rear of the fort, however, and the boat found this and made a landing. "You come ashore with a flag alf an hour rou tell me I am apology for a fort, the thought of shell-Such as it was the fort occupied nearly the entire space of the little island which had been built upon the reef. It was built in the form of a rectangle, about sixty feet east and west by forty feet north and south. The four corners were braced by heavy stone buttresses. The entrance was in the centre of the south wall. The walls you know as well as I that when one surrenders were of heavy masonry, of the same basal- the wharf across the entrance, facing the water the color and the said is a real for the description and the said the said of the state of the said of

sula, but long ago the plaster had crumbled between the stones and the huge blocks themelves had begun to disintegrate under the stress of the constant storms that sweep ever them. Grass, reeds, weeds and shrubbery had overgrown the whole place. Ruin and des tion held the island, not Fort Santa Cruz. Along the south wall, clear across the southern front, except at the entrance at the centre. there had been the quarters of the men. The little cell-like rooms had been built of stone, which had fallen into little hears almost before the oldest man in this expedition learned to

The door in the wall against which these cells had stood opened directly against the heavy south side of what seemed to be a solid block of masonry, which rose about ten feet from this south wall to a height of perhaps ten feet.

Directly opposite this door, at the top of the pile of masonry, stood the coat of arms of Spain. Now it is moss-grown and worn away. The big gravestone-like slab on which the arms were carved has faded and crumbled until now it is impossible to decipher in detail what was carved on it originally. but there remain the outlines of the Span-ish arms, and at the bottom some lettering. The name of the King who reigned when the fort was built probably stood there once, but now there is only a blur, at the end of which is decipherable "Ano 1801." That was before Trafalgar, when there were a glory and a main that were Spain's. Almost a century this old fort has looked out over the reefs beyond Orote Peninsula, and there was a time no doubt when it would have met a ship of the line with a royal welcome, but now the coral on which is was built is coming to its protection, and in a few more years it will be impregnable because no hostile band can reach it. To the left as one enters this door that faces

the old coat of arms rises the ramp that leads to the terreplein. It is perhaps ten feet wide with steps at the southern side Built of stone. To the right, under an arched doorway, is the long vacant magazine, foul and ill smelling now from its years with no ventilation. The terreplein seems to be solid. The battlemented parapet rises around it about four feet in some places, but for the most part the parapet has all fallen down. Originally there were probably four embrasures on the north side and perhaps as many more on the south, with half that number east and west. Grass and bushes grow thickly on the terreplein. About the parapet Capt. Glass found indications where four of the shells from his threepounders had struck, but the old fort was little the worse for its bombardment. The terreplein presented a curious problem. It is hard to believe it is solid, there is so little room on the speek of an island occupied by the fort: but if it is supported by arches no indication now to be found of any door leading to the chambers beneath it. Yet it seems more than probable that there Who knows now such chambers. what dungeons are beneath that terreplein that was built before Navarino was fought, and was in the first flush of its youth when fate upset Napoleon at Waterloo? Who knows what hoards of Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight may not be bursting out of their rotting chests beneath those grass-covered arches! One 8-inch shell from the Charleston would have laid bare the whole mystery, but Capt, Glass is a matter-of-fact man and the 8-inch shell is still in the magazine of the Charleston.

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES. At the southeast corner of the terreplein there

rises the wreck of an old flagstaff. Beside it grows a tree almost as tall as the staff. On that staff the flag Capt. Glass had taken from the Charleston was hoisted, Lieut, Braunersreuther, who had been left in command on the cruiser while the Captain and executive officer were away, had wigwagged over to the Australia and the Peking to keep watch with him for the first appearance of Old Glory above the ruined buttlements of Santa Cruz, the bands on the two roopships were ready, and the crews were at the saluting guns on the cruiser. The clouds had broken away and the harbor and its hills stood out clear and sharp in early afternoon sun. The old gray fort, in its setting of green grass and shrubbery, marked the foreground. Over this gray-green spot in the blue water rose the radiant glory of the Stars and Stripes. As the first glint of color above the battered parapet caught the eye of Lieut, Braunersreuther he gave the order to salute the United States flag. A thundering roar from the forward 6-inch gun of the Charleston's starboard broadside battery was the first response. Instantly the port gun answered. The echoes beat back from the cocoanut covered cliffs of Orote peninsula and flung themselves against the hills on the mainland of the island. Back they came, diminished but increased in number, and caught the deep booming of the guns as the Charleston continued the salute. Soon all the harbor was filled with the noise, and oceasionally, as it died down a bit, came the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" from the two transports, and the ring of eager cheers from the thousands of soldiers and sailors who watched the beautiful flag rise to its place at the top of the staff and float out over the old fort. The island of Guam was formally in possession of the United States. Six thousand miles to the westward the starry banner had been pushed at one stride. When it rises over Manila and the Philippines-never to be hauled down, as this expedition hopes-the sun will never set on "the land of the free and the me of the brave."

Leaving the old flag floating gloriously out on the afternoon breeze, Capt. Glass returned to the Charleston. He reached his ship at about 3 o'clock, and at once Lieut. Braunersrouther started with Lieut. Myers and forty marines to receive the surrender of the Spanish garrison of Guam. The men embarked in our boats, which were towed by the steam launch, under command of Lieut. Slocum. Ensign Evans and Dr. Parenholt accompanied Lieut Braunersreuther. The tide was nearly at ebb slack, and it was impossible for the launch to get over the reef that runs along the inside edge of the harbor close to Apepas Island and the main island. The boats were cast loose from the launch and went as far in as they could with oars. Then the men got out and waded, pushing the boats along. It was a ticklish position for the men if the Spanish soldiers should conclude at the last to make a stand for it. Lieut, Braunersreuther took his men as far in toward Apepas as he could. He knew that the Charleston's guns were shotted and trained on the landing place. and he gave them as much room as he could. They were ready to open up at the first sign of resistance from shore, but they never got the signal to fire. Lieut. Braunersreuther kept his men as well together as possible and ordered them to be ready to shoot at the least indication of trouble, and to shoot low and to kill.

DISARMING THE GARRISON.

Straight into the landing place the four boats went, and there were the Spaniards, sure enough, waiting for them in the boothouse. The Spaniards had been on time, but the Americans were late. The difficulty of getting over the reefs had delayed them, and it was well past 4 o'clock when Lieut, Braunersreuther dimbed up the steps into the boathouse and returned the salute of Lieut. Bamos of the Spanish naval infantry, in command of the surrendering garrison of Guam. Behind Lieut, Braunersreuther came Ensign Evans and Dr. Farenholt. There were two companies of the soldiers, one of Spanish regulars and one of natives-Chamorros. They were drawn up in line in the boathouse, facing in, the Spaniards on the south side and the Chamorros on the north. Lieut. Braunerszeuther spoke to Lieut. Bames, who gravely presented Lieut, Berruezo of the Spanish naval infantry second of the garrison of Guani. Lieut. Berruezo saluted, and Lieut. Braunersrouther announced that he had come, representing Capt. Glass. to receive their surrender, as ordered by Gov. Marina. The soldiers looked on in wonder at the proceeding, but the Chamorros were not unhappy, and their faces showed it.

While this talk had been going on Lieut. Myers and his lorty marines had file I quietly